

# In Recital

**Jill Hoogewoonink,**

assisted by

**Donna Noton, piano**

**Thursday, April 14, 2005 at 8:00 pm**



Arts Building  
University of Alberta



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**

## Program

When Laura smiles	Philip Rosseter (1568-1623)
Come again	John Dowland (1563-1626)
Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace?	Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)
No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs	
Oh, take him gently from the pile (1695)	John Eccles (1668-1735)
From <i>Paride ed Elena</i> (1770)	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)
O del mio dolce ardor	
Un moto di gioja	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Ridente la Calma	
From the <i>Marriage of Figaro</i> (1786)	
Deh viene non tardar	
From <i>The Merry Widow</i> (1905)	Franz Lehar (1870-1948)
Vilia	

## Intermission

Schneeglöckchen	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Erstes Grün	
Jasminenstrauch	
Ziegeunerliedchen I & II	

Chanson (1887)  
Les Anges (1886)  
Elegie (1886)  
Le Chapelier (1916)  
La Diva de L'Empire (1919)

Erik Satie  
(1866-1925)

Le Roi d'Aquitaine (1934)  
Youkali (1946)

Kurt Weill  
(1900-1950)

From *Romeo et Juliette* (1867)  
Ah! Je veux vivre!

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree  
for Ms Hoogewoonink.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

## Translations

### **O del mio dolce ardor/O desired object of my sweet ardor**

O thou beloved,  
whom long my heart desireth.  
At length the air thou breathest  
my soul inspireth.

Where'er mine eye may wander,  
Still of thee some vague semblance  
Doth Love awake within me.  
My ev'ry thought doth win me.

To yet fonder remembrance;  
And in this ardor that  
all my bosom so fireth  
Thee I seek, Thee I call,  
Fondly and e'er fonder. Ah!

Translation - Dr Theodore Baker

### **Un moto di gioja/ An impulse of joy**

An impulse of joy I feel in my breast  
That predicts delight in the middle of fear!  
Let us hope that contentment  
May finish the anguish,  
Not always are fate and love tyrants.

### **Ridente la calma/ Smiling calm**

Let the smiling calm be  
Awakened in the soul,  
Nor let there remain a trace  
Of anger and fear.  
You come meanwhile to  
Tighten, my beloved,  
The sweet chains so  
Welcome to my heart.

### **Deh vieni, non tardar/ Please Come, don't delay**

This moment which I will enjoy  
Without anxiety, in the arms of  
My idol, has finally arrived.  
Timid feelings,  
Leave my breast;  
Don't come to disturb  
My pleasure!  
Oh, how it seems that  
To amorous passion  
The pleasantness of the place,  
The earth, and the sky  
Respond ,

### **Deh vieni, non tardar/ Please Come, don't delay** (cont'd)

As the darkness  
Favours my connivings!  
Please come;  
Don't delay, oh beautiful joy.  
Come to here love  
Calls you to enjoy yourself  
Until the nocturnal torch doesn't  
Shine in the sky anymore-  
Until it's dark again,  
And the world is still.  
Here the stream murmurs;  
The heart and its gentle  
Rustling, plays.  
Here little flowers are laughing,  
And the grass is fresh.  
To the pleasures of love  
Everything is enticing.  
Come my dear,  
Among these sheltering trees!  
I want to crown your head  
With roses.

Translation - Martha Gerhert

### **Vilja/Vilia**

Now gather as we've done before  
To sing our fav'rite song of yore  
About a maid of wide-spread fame;  
You know that Vilia was her name!

There once was a Vilia  
A wood maiden fair.  
She lived, long ago,  
In a dark forest lair.  
Along came a huntsman  
She stopped to beguile.  
Enchanted, he gazed  
At her rapturous smile.  
Then with unexpected feeling-  
Passion he could not deny-  
Softly, longingly he began to sigh!

*Vilia, oh Vilia,  
Your magical fire captures,  
Enraptures my yearning desire.  
Vilia, oh Vilia, will love tell me why,  
In your embraces, I die!*



### **Vilja/Vilia**

The wood maiden silently  
nodded her head  
And drew him within  
To her dark forest bed.  
She kissed and caressed him  
As no mortal had,  
Transporting the heart  
Of the innocent lad.  
But, before the lad could tell,  
She vanished in the misty vale!  
Sadly echoes a lover's  
Sweet farewell:

*Vilia, oh Vilia,  
Your magical fire captures,  
Enraptures my yearning desire.  
Vilia, oh Vilia, will love tell me why,  
In your embraces, I die!*

Translation - Martha Gerhert

### **Schneeglöckchen/ Snowdrop**

The snow, that only yesterday in little flakes  
Fell from the sky,  
Hangs now congealed, a little bell,  
On a tender stem.  
Snowdrop, its little bell is ringing;  
What does it mean  
In the still wood?  
Oh quickly come! There in the wood  
It rings in spring.  
Oh come you leaves, blossom and flower  
You that yet dream,  
Come all into spring's holy bower!  
Come, tarry not!

Translation - Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

### **Erstes Grün/ First Green**

You young green, you fresh grass!  
How many hearts have you made well  
That was made ill by winter's snow,  
Oh how my heart does yearn for you!  
From the soil's darkness you grown now,  
My eyes are greeting you with joy!  
Here in the forest's silent dell  
I press you, green, to heart and lips.  
With mankind I will not consort!  
No human word can heal my sorrow,  
Only young green, laid on my heart,  
Makes my heart beat more peacefully.

Translation - Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

### **Jasminenstauch/ The Jasmine Bush**

The jasmine bush, its garment green  
At eventide fell asleep.  
When in the early morning breeze  
The sun's rays touched it lightly,  
It awakened white as snow:  
"What befell me I in the night?"  
See, thus fare the trees  
That will dream in this springtime.

Translation - Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

### **Zigeunerliedchen I & II/ Two little gypsy songs**

#### **I**

A gypsy lad came, joined the soldiers  
With his bounty made off and tomorrow hangs.  
From gaol they took me, on the  
Flogging horse they put me,  
Lashed my back so the blood ran.  
From gaol they took me, kicked me out,  
I grabbed my musket quick,  
Got first shot at them.

#### **II**

Every morning, very early,  
When the daylight wakens me,  
With my tears  
I then wash my face.  
Where the mountains rise up high  
Yonder at the sky's far rim,  
From the house, the lovely garden,  
I was carried off by night.  
When the daylight wakens me,  
With my tears,  
I then wash my face.

Translation - Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau

### **Chanson/ Song**

Very short, alas, is hope,  
And short also, is pleasure  
And never within us  
Has their presence  
Lasted as long as desire.  
Very short, alas, is youth,  
Very short is the time of love  
And the oath of a mistress  
Has never lasted  
More than a day.  
Those who put all their joy  
And hopes is beauty  
Often to the detriment  
Of their happiness,  
Become misery's prey.

### **Les Anges/ The Angels**

Clothed in white in the bright blue sky,  
Unfurling their long veils,  
Angels hover in the clear heavens:  
Lilies floating among the stars.  
Lutes quiver beneath their fingers,  
Lutes with a heavenly harmony.  
Like incense their voices rise  
Calmly up to the boundless vault.  
Below the thunder of briny waves,  
Night on all sides spreads it's veils,  
Angels hover in the clear heavens:  
Lilies floating among the stars.

### **Elegie**

I saw decline like a dream,  
Cruel lie!  
All my happiness.  
Instead of hope  
I have suffering and pain.  
Once my foolish youth sang  
Incessantly the hymn of youth.  
But the cherished dream  
Was erased in a single day.  
I must suffer my long martyrdom  
Without cursing it,  
Without sighing.  
The only remedy on the earth  
To my misery,  
Is to cry.

### **Le Chapelier/ The Mad Hatter**

The Hatter is astonished to find  
That his watch is going three days slow,  
Although he has taken great care to oil it  
Everyday with butter of the finest quality.  
However he allowed some breadcrumbs  
To fall into the gears,  
And even though he dips it thoroughly in the tea,  
It will not make it go any faster.

### **La Diva de l'Empire**

Under the big Greenaway hat,  
Flashing a dazzling smile,  
With the charming, fresh laugh  
Of a startled, sighing baby.  
Little girl with the velvety eyes,

She is the "Diva of the Empire".  
She is the queen who wins all the hearts  
Of all the gentlemen and dandies of Piccadilly.  
In a single "yes"  
She infuses such sweetness  
That all the snobs in their fancy waistcoats  
Applaud her with wild hurrahs!  
And throw bouquets of flowers on to the stage  
Without noticing the cunning laugh  
On her pretty face.

Under the big Greenaway hat...

She dances almost automatically  
Lifting- Oh, very modestly-  
Her pretty frilly underskirts,  
Revealing the wiggling of her legs.  
It is at the same time very very innocent  
And very, very exciting.

Under the big Greenaway hat...

### Le Roi D'Aquitaine (The King of Aquitaine)

A grey duck, a blue duck, a white duck...  
The grey one walks behind and  
The blue one in front.  
The white one is the biggest,  
I'll sell it for twenty francs.  
The blue one is the quite small,  
I'll get six francs for it.  
The King of Aquitaine,  
If he comes to the market  
To serve the queen,  
He'll send for me.  
The King of Aquitaine will take my hand.  
Tough luck for the Queen tomorrow!  
A grey prince, a blue prince, a white prince...  
The white one has rubies,  
And the blue, diamonds.  
The grey one has his crown  
And his sword at his side.  
The blue loves me the best,  
And I love the white one best.  
The King of Aquitaine...

### Youkali

It was almost to the end of the world  
That my wandering boat,  
Carried along by the waves,  
Took me one day.  
It's a tiny island,  
But the fairy who lives there  
Politely invites us to tour it.

Youkali, it's the land of our desires.  
Youkali, it's happiness, it's pleasure.  
It is the land where we leave all cares behind.  
In our night sky, it is a beacon,  
The star we follow, it's Youkali.  
Youkali, it's the respect for all vows exchanged.  
Youkali, it's the land of love shared.  
It is the hope in all human hearts,  
The rescue we all wait for.  
Youkali, it's the land of our desires,  
Youkali, it's happiness, it's pleasure.  
But it's a dream, a folly.  
There is no Youkali.

And life drags us along, tedious and banal.  
Yet the poor human soul,  
Seeking oblivion everywhere.  
Knew how, in leaving this earth  
to find the mystery  
where our dreams are buried,  
in some Youkali,  
Youkali....



## Upcoming Events

### April

18 Monday, 8:00 pm

#### **Composers Concert**

Featuring recent works of

#### **U of A Student Composers**

Studio 27, Fine Arts Building

Free admission

21 April, 7:00 pm

Doctor of Music Lecture Recital

#### **Ayako Tsuruta, piano**

Studio 27, Fine Arts Building

Free admission

28 Thursday, 6:30 pm

Doctor of Music Lecture Recital

#### **Bianca Baciú, piano**

Studio 27, Fine Arts Building

Free admission

### May

4 Wednesday, 8:00 pm

Master of Music Recital

#### **Eileen Kim, piano**

Free admission

18 Wednesday, 8:00 pm

Doctor of Music Recital

#### **Rachel Stefan, piano**

Free admission

20 Friday, 7:30 pm

Doctor of Music Lecture Recital

#### **Magdalena Adamek, piano**

Studio 27, Fine Arts Building

Free admission



## Please donate to Campus Food Bank

### Unless otherwise indicated

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

**Please note:** All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).